

Win at first, lose at last; or, a New Game at Cards;

Wherein the King recovered his Crown and Traitors lost their heads,
To the Tune of, Yee Gallants that delight to play.



Y^Ee merry hearts that love to play
At Cards, see who hath wone the day.
You that once did sadly sing,
The King be ev'ry Club bath wone the King,
Now more happy times yee have,
The King hath overcome the Knave,
The King hath overcome the Knave.

Not long ago a Game was playd,
When thre Crowns at the stake was layd,
England had no cause to boast,
Knaves wone that which Kings had lost,
Coaches gave the way to Carts,
And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts.
And clubs, &c.

Old Noll was the Brabbe oth' Clubs,
And Dad of such as Preach in Tubs:
Bradshaw, Ireton and Pide,
Were thre other Knaves beside,
And they playd with half the Pack,
Throwing out all cards but black,
Throwing out, &c.

But the full Fates threw these four out,
Which made the Lovall party short.
The Pope would fain habe him in the Stock,
And with these Cards habe wip'd his Deet,

But soon the Devil these Cards snatches,
To dip in brimstone and make matches,
To dip in, &c.

But still the sport for to maintain,
Lambert, Hasleridge, and Vane,
And one ev'd Hewson, took their places,
Knaves were better Cards than Aces,
But Fleetwood ha' himself did faie,
Because he was more Fool than Knave.
Because, &c.

Cromwell, though he so much had wone,
Yet he had an unlucky Son:
He sits still and not regards
Whilst curtaing Gamesters set the Cards,
And thus awhile, po go Billie Dick,
He playd a while, but lost the trick,
He playd, &c.

The Rumpers that had wone whole Towns,
The sports of Tythes, and a Crews:
Were not contented but were rough,
As though they had not wone enough,
They left the Cards still in their bands,
To play to Tythes, and Colledge Lands,
To play, &c.

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You that once did sadly sing,
The Knave o' th' Clubs hath wone the King,
Now more happy times yee have,
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The Presbyters began to fret,
That they w^tre like to lose the set,
Unto the Rump ther did appeal,
And said it was their turns to deal,
Then dealt the Presbyterians, but
The Army fware, that they would cut.
The Army fware that they would cut.

The Forraine Lands began to wonder,
To see what Gallants w^tll b^d under.
That they which Christmasse did for wear
Should follow Gameing all the year,
Nay more, which w^tas the strangest thing,
To play so long without a King,
To play, &c.

The bold Phanaticks present were,
Like Butlers with their boxes there,
Not doubting, but that every Game
Some profit w^tuld reward to them.
Because ther were the Gamesters Platons,
And every day broach'd new Opinions.
And every, &c.

But Cheshire men (as Stories say)
Began to thew them Gamesters play.
W^teave Booth, and all his Army strifes,
So fave the Lakes, or lose their lives.
But Oh! ad'are! ther were undone,
By playng of their cards too soon,
By playng, &c.

Thas all the while a Club was Rump,
There's none coulde ever beat the Rump,
Untha Noble General came
And gav^t th^t Cheaters a clear fannin,
His finger t^tis a^t toot their noddys.
And screw'd up poor Jack Lamberts body,
And screw'd, &c.

Lond^t, Printed for Fran^t Gove on Sney-hill. Entred according to Order. F I N I S.

¶ Then Hasilrig began to scowl,
¶ And sev^t the General plaid foul,
¶ Look to him Partner, for I tell y^t e,
¶ This Monk bath got a King in's belly,
¶ Not so, quoth Monk, but I beleve,
¶ Sir Arthur has a Knave in's sleeve,
¶ Sir Arthur, &c.

¶ Then General Monk did understand
¶ The Rump were prep^ting into's hand,
¶ Hee wisely kept his Cards from sight,
¶ Which put the Rump into a feight,
¶ Hee saw how many were betray'd,
¶ That shew'd their Cards before they play'd,
¶ That shew'd, &c.

¶ At length, quoth hee, some Cards we lack,
¶ I w^tll not play w^tth half a pack,
¶ What you cast out, I will bring in,
¶ And a new game we will begin,
¶ With that the Standers by did say,
¶ They never yet saw fairer play,
¶ They never, &c.

¶ But presently this game was past,
¶ And by a second Knabes were cast,
¶ All new Cards, not starr'd with spots,
¶ As was the Rumper^s and the Scots,
¶ Here good Gamesters play'd their parts
¶ They turn'd up the King, oth' Hearts,
¶ They mead'd, &c.

¶ After this Game was done, I think
¶ The Standers by had cause to dynh,
¶ And the Loyal Subjects sing,
¶ Farewell knabes, and welcome King,
¶ For till we saw the King return'd,
¶ Wee wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd,
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